

After the crash The Tale of Toothless

by white aspen

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Summary: What happens after Toothless opens his wings to reveal Hiccup? How does he cope, being injured? What makes him spark a hostile confrontation with Stoick in particular? I made the tale true to the movie, it could just fit in.

1. Don t take my friend away!

After the crash. The Tale of Toothless.

After the crash on dragon island: filling the gap in the movie. What happens between the moment Toothless opens his wings to reveal a wounded Hiccup and the time Hiccup wakes up at his house? I wrote it as a 'missing scene'.

**How does Toothless cope being surrounded by (former?) enemies, exhausted and badly bruised as he is, in combination with his terrible memories of only a few days ago? **

**How do people and dragons get together? How do they survive, get home again? **

What makes Toothless eventually go into a fit of rage, creating once more a hostile confrontation between dragon and men, Stoick in particular? How does it still end well? He tells us, from his perspective.

**I made the tale true to the movie, it could just fit in.
>Hope you enjoy! I did in creating it!

Dear readers, thank you for your reviews (please, more). This story is also tagged 'Favourite story' many times. Thanks again.

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Don't take my friend away!

I know whom he grieves for, the Redbeard who is on his knees in front of me. The mighty warrior, chief of his tribe. It is for his son who he thinks is lost. Although still in a daze, I see the shock and sorrow in his eyes. When he speaks to me with deep regret I cannot but open my wings and reveal to him his precious son, my precious friend. The Redbeard gathers him from me. He shouts his relief at finding his son alive. I knew, for I would have sensed death in him immediately. All humans start shouting, the noise hits my ears. The Redbeard reaches out to me. No need to avoid his hand, it is benign as are his words. But the weight of the hand makes my head sink back to the ground. Someone else approaches. The man with the unnatural limbs, by the smell of it. Then realisation sinks in of something I smelled all along: blood. Not mine, I know the smell of that now. It must be my friend's! You are wounded!

I look up and see him being carried off. No, don't take him away from me. No. No! Frantically I try to get on my legs but they buckle under me. I call after my friend, only to be surprised at how feeble it sounds. Astrid approaches, kneels next to me uttering soothing words. NO! As I struggle in vain, she touches my head, strokes me, and some calm settles. But I cannot prevent myself from calling out again. Then many humans come near, look down on me, crowd me. Enemies. I want to defend myself, but my weakness confuses me. Never before have I been weak like this, exhausted, all my fire spent. Fear spreads in me, for I know fear now. Then Astrid speaks and they back away. Relieved I close my eyes. I keep smelling Astrid. She does not leave me.

Floating | I am floating | soaring high as I often do. Riding the winds all night, stars shining radiantly above. Being one with the beauty all around| But now the oneness isn't here. An unease troubles me, something is wrong| What is it? Nothing comes to mind. I find my body throbbing with pain | strange | I get aware of several scents. One scent important: my friend's, that's his smell .. it makes the unease ebb away. But the pain continues to roll in waves through my body. The smell of my friend is soothing | but also | not right. There are extra smells to it: of wound and the alarm smell of blood. Blood!

With a jerk I wake up and scan around in a flash: there he is! In the arms of the Redbeard, wrapped in some thing. I sense more humans around, but block them out at once. Nothing matters but my friend. My eyes lock on the bundle. I crane my neck to get a better smell, as I seem unable to get up. The Redbeard comes close and carefully places my friend in front of me. Then he opens the wrap. I see what is missing, a clean piece of cloth is neatly woven around the wound, though blood seeps to the surface. Then I observe the stillness of the body.

>The Redbeard wraps him in again, sits down a few steps away and carefully places the bundle next to him. He is alive, then, and they brought him to me! The relief I feel drowns in new waves of pain. It's the time of evening, the sky darkens. Astrid is gone. As I gaze at the bundle, memories start to flood my brain: seeing him fall down from the sky into the roaring fire. The way I dived after him, grabbed, caught him, slammed him to my body. Then closing my wings

around him to protect him from the heat. Then falling together, the dizzying sensation of spinning around, and around, andâ€|<p>

"Toothless!" A strong voice pulls me out of the darkness. In resonant tones it calls out my name. _My name!_ In sheer surprise my eyes fly open. It's the Redbeard again, my friend still lying next to him. I find my bruised body stiff, the pain a dull roar. I'm thirsty. Time has passed, it is almost midnight now. Why did he call me? A fire burns nearby, the heat billows over my skin, a treat. Then water is placed before me. _Water!_ I lap it up quickly. It's soothing. As is the kindness. For they did not give me anything to drink since that morning in the cage. _How long ago is that? Two suns?_ After observing the bundle, stillness there, I set eyes on the Redbeard.

We share a long gaze, probing each other. This powerful male, my mortal enemy until just a few hours ago, and now for the love of his son not my enemy anymore. I see that. Also the conflicting emotions about that, he has not yet come to terms with it. It is the same with me, though. We unlock our gaze, it is â€| well. Well enough.

>When he gets up and with a deliberate gesture places my friend once more in front of me, understanding dawns, instantly warming my heart. Quickly I scan his face: you mean my friend to be close to me! You will not separate us again! He sees I understand and nods a confirmation. I look down on the pale face of my friend and ever so softly touch his cheek. _My friend, be well. I will stay close, they let me!_

>Then he picks him up again. After a deep sigh of sheer relief I curl up as well as possible and close my eyes. Before long I find myself floating up high, bathing in starlight, soaring the heavens in bliss.<p>

2. Bad memories

**Bad memories . . . **

"Easy. No one will harm you. No one". The Redbeard said that, on a knee in front of me.

I look at him, still trembling, hating my weakness and fear. Could this be true? Will not one of all the humans around me harm me? I already understood that he would not attack me, or the humans I had seen until now. But what about all the others surrounding me? For, only just the Black Warrior had come over to speak with the Redbeard. The sight of that gruesome warrior brought back memories of the terrors only a few days ago.

He had been the first one to grab me in the arena, to swiftly take my head, slam it to the stone floor and press my jaws shut with amazing strength. Then he placed all of his weight on my head, so I could not open my jaws anymore to cast fire. Then others came, they quickly overpowered me. It took only four warriors to immobilize me! I was totally surprised by their immense strength. But I was not yet frightened at that stage, being still in the heat of battle, having just tackled the Redbeard who had attacked me.

First of all they put a muzzle over my snout, to keep my jaws shut. Still I thought I could fight my way out, as I had never lost a fight

until then. But I was shocked to find how they skillfully anticipated my every move and handled me with expert ease while putting me in chains. Then fear spread, like the time I was shot down from the sky and lay all entangled in ropes, unable to free myself. Triumphant shouts went up all around when they were done. At that moment I saw Astrid, a wretched look on her face.

>Wipe that look from your face quickly, if you don't want your tribe to turn against you! This is not the time to figure out which side you are on. Leave, if you can't stand it!

After that, the impressions were just overwhelming: the arena filled with enemies. More enemies shouting from the rim above. I was not dragged off right away. For a long time, as I lay helplessly on my side, I was on display. Many humans came close to get a good look at their elusive and most hated enemy. Not one of them had ever set eyes on a Night Fury before. Many were only whispering, because of the strange things that had happened and also because of the artificial tailfin and the strange gear on me, that they realized had been the handiwork of one of their own. But enough people hissed vile things at me and the hatred of all fell on me like a freezing rain.

Finally I had been dragged off to a cage. Once there, I had wanted to be brave, but the afternoon had left me unhinged and I closed my eyes to the males that surrounded me.

"Let's have a go at him" -a voice full of hate.

"No, wait for the instructions of Stoick, he spared his life"
-another voice.

My heart raced.

"We can already check him out". At that they started to examine me. They examined my skin, so different from any other dragon's. Then, with brutal force, their hands groped me everywhere to feel the size and shape of my muscles.

I froze.

They inspected my wings, claws, tail. "He's already damaged goods, huh". My lips were pried apart to get a good look at my fangs. They only thing they did not do was to touch the rig on me, take it off, or say a word about it.

Someone took hold of one of my earflaps, let it glide through his hand, then squeezed the tip.

I wheezed: my sensitive earflaps, no! My eyes flew open: the Black Warrior.

"Sensitive, eeh?" he said. "Before you die, monster, you will show us every weakness you have", giving a firmer squeeze, making me wheeze more. His words were not even stated maliciously, just matter-of-factly. That's when I lost it, I whimpered and started to shiver.

"Look, a frightened Night Fury" -raucous laughter all around.

"He is still young" -another voice, no cruelty in it, even in my panic I noticed the difference.

Once left alone, sense came back. It was then that I understood the true nature of war. My death would solve nothing. They would retaliate, cool their hatred on me. And I would pay dearly, already because I was the first Night Fury ever to fall into their hands and all the more because of the forbidden link with one of their tribe. But in the end I would just be another dragon in a long line of victims. As their kind had been victim to our terror for centuries. No resolve.

Only one frail human, my friend, had done a thing of mercy in this war and he had been dragged off by the Redbeard. He too will be punished severely for our forbidden friendship.

>My friend, if I could only be at your side. But we were separated and both were subject to whatever penalty they would deal out.

Up to now the raiding, the war, had been a kind of sport to me. I had just started to assist in the raiding this season. My role was to destroy their defence contraptions with my fire blasts, as the blasts of a Night Fury are the most destructive of all dragon fire. And I was good at that. But I had not ever engaged in single combat with one of the burly males I saw running around. So nothing had prepared me for their skill and their strong, able hands. Not the feel of my friend's thin frame and gentle touch. Now these terrible hands and the hatred behind them are all that is left to me.

I must harden myself. They must not hear me whimper again. I will have to tap into whatever steel and stamina of my kind is in me.

>Or â€| or there was that other possibility: to set my soul free and leave my disgraced body behind to die. Escape this fate. Escape â€|

>But even as I considered it, I seemed to hear the voice of my friend shouting "No. NOOO!" just like he had shouted at me earlier that day, to stop me from killing the Redbeard. The voice had been so real that I quickly scanned around me. But no one was with me in the oppressive darkness. The thought, however, had gone.
Steel myself, then.

â€| **and a glimmer of hope**

After a long time the door of my prison cracked open. A human form appeared, a dark outline against the bright morning light that flowed in. It came closer, a light footstep to it.

"Hello dragon, I bring you water." Two large buckets were placed down, one before my snout.

Water! But though I was very thirsty, I did not move.

As my eyes adjusted to the light I saw a fledgling human, a youngster, maybe of the same age as my friend. With this difference though: his frame told me he would grow into the typical strong male.

"Come, try to sit and drink."

I adjusted, chains rattling, but when I dipped my head in the bucket I could not lap up the water, as my jaws were still tied shut. With a

sigh I lay down again. Just more cruelty.

"Oh, I forgot, you have to sniff me first", and he brought his hand near to my nose.

Your scent I have already, but this is a proper introduction. Amazing! But why?

"Now, come, try again, you must sip, it will work, you'll see."

Again I tried and indeed, somehow I got water inside me.

"I cannot take the muzzle away of course. You've been labelled "extremely dangerous". But then, all dragons are."

He walked around me, having a peek.

"For being the monster of the night, you are not big at all. Seems to me that you are still young."

What is this talk?

"I am one of the caretakers, but I â€“ I like dragons! I wish we were not enemies. I just wish so much that dragons could be like the birds that fly by. I would watch you dragons, then. I would so like to see you fly also, I saw your wingspan yesterday! And the way you are built, you must be the fastest of them all. Why do you stop drinking? Drink."

I drank as my mind whirled. So not all humans hate us? Can this be true? First that one voice yesterday and now you?

"I have become a caretaker so I can be close â€“ so I â€“ the dragons of the arena are kept healthy mostly because of me. But what does it matter, actually? They all die sooner or later. Soon it is my turn to learn to kill dragons. I do not want to learn that, I think you dragons are marvellous creatures."

Do you? A human thinks we are marvellous creatures?

"If only you didn't make war on us. But I think of leaving this place. â€“ Ah, you have emptied this one. Here is the other bucketâ€“ And you must be a warrior of your kind."

No, I am not. Or yes, maybe. _

"You had our chief down, and nearly killed him."

What? _

"No dragon has done that before. He will hate you for that! And imagine: his son has been riding you. Or, so it seems."

What? My friend is his son? Impossible! But then, is that why he called me to stop? _

"Has Hiccup really been riding you?" I saw him examine the gear on me.

"The saddle is fine work, he made that well. All the other stuff too. So, with half of your tailfin missing you can fly with this rig? Hiccup really has been riding you? A Night Fury? Oh, how I would â€œ! Have you finished? There is water left. Let me clean you up a bit, then. You're caked with dust."

Water splashed over my head, and he started to wash me with his hands. Caring hands. I noticed the practiced movements, he had done this before, to other dragons!

Gratitude washed over me: _Thank you, thank you. The Creator bless you for your kindness. _I blew a breath over his hands as a way of saying this.

Suddenly the door was opened wide. "Hey! You wash a dragon again?"

"I â€œ it keeps them healthy."

"What for? But maybe you're right this time. This one isn't dead meat yet. We need him for a job. We are going to hoist him on board of a ship. Step aside, boy."

_Huh? A job? Ship? _

But my heart beat a strong, steady beat by then. Some dignity had been restored to me. I felt fight in me again!

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Please review!

3. Time of healing

Time of healing

So, with the fearsome Black Warrior nearby, the terror of my imprisonment came over me again. I kept my eyes locked at his feet, not daring to raise my eyes in case anyone would read the loathing in them. I did not want to tip the fragile balance here. But I lacked the energy to keep the rising hate and fear under control and my body started to tremble.

The Redbeard noticed. He sent the Black Warrior away with a few words and turned my way. I raised my eyes and saw him observe me. Several emotions flickered in his eyes. Also, for a fleeting moment, compassion, before the stern, composed look returned. He decided on something, knelt on a knee in front of me and said the words that no one would harm me.

Should he realize how much comfort that gave me? For, as exhausted as I was, I had tried to stay alert, to scan around constantly, being startled at any loud noise. But I could not keep it up, ever so often I would doze off, then wake up again with a start to discover I was still alive. Now, after his merciful words I could feel really safe and rest. For his words carry weight, he is their chief.

Very comforting also to have seen compassion, even if it had been a glimpse, even if it would maybe never return. He had seen me

frightened and took pity. And in that moment, only that moment, he had been like his son! To me it was all the more significant, as he is a seasoned warrior that must have suffered by the actions of my kind, whereas his son is only an inexperienced youth. Like myself.

Mercy. That is still new to me, as it is alien to my nature. For I myself have ever been merciless. Once in my claws, a prey never escapes. My kill is swift and adequate. It had been so until I was shot down from the sky and he came, the first time I saw him. I was immobilized by the ropes and he could have finished me off easily. Predator-prey, a game you can lose. I faced my death with open eyes. But his kill was not swift, he hesitated. The knife hovered over my throat for too long, that's when fear shot through me. And then he did not kill. Cut me loose instead, the idiot! For in less than a heartbeat I had him under my claw, the little thing. Only to find out that I could not kill him either. I was furious, but I could not kill him. Lunacy! â€œ Mercy.

So much change is going on. If things get too much, I focus on the bundle that holds my friend. I remember everything now of the time after the crash. My head is clear now. In the long hours of watching my friend breathe, it all came back. Late this morning Astrid and the other youngsters returned on the dragons. I still marvel at this: dragons that carry humans, even if they don't need to, like I do.

A large group of other dragons landed near to them. They had returned out of habit to their nest, carrying prey. I called them down from the sky after they circled around, not knowing what to do. Once down they all ate their fill, hesitantly at first, then ravenously. Now the humans hold what is left of the meat over their fires.

It pleases me that you like fire as much as we do. Though they seem to not carry it inside their body. They build it from the wood of the destroyed ships. But fire is as vital to them as it is to us. We are one in that!

The air tingles with unease, change, as much among my kind as among the humans. One thing grows less and less: hostility.

I remember my time of change. It started when we touched. After you danced to my lines. Solved a riddle I didn't know was there. Slipped through all of my defences.

>He then reached out to touch me. I would not have it. Yet. But I could not resist when again he reached out his little hand, turning his head away to shield me from his longing. Leaving it up to me whether to touch or not. And I touched you, for in me it had awoken too. Longing.

Now I know it. I long for him to wake up, to open his eyes, to look at me again with warmth to fill the hole that grows in me. To give me a smile that makes my body wriggle with delight. To bring me to the clouds again â€œ

His eyes do open at times, but he sees nothing. At times he mutters sounds. Now he lies there, panting. He radiates heat. I wonder, do you too have an inner fire, then? One that you are unable to contain now? They rub him with cold water. They bring me water to drink. And I watch over him, won't let him out of my sight. They even have to carry him off in order to make me walk. I hobble behind, to find my

legs stronger every time we go. I ignore the hush of the babble when I pass by, can't cope with that now.

They bring me fish to eat. Kindness again. _You amaze me. Could it really be that you are not enemies anymore? For you are in need of food yourselves. _There was hardly anything to eat.

>One of the fish I carefully place next to my friend's face, bit in half to release the gorgeous smells â€| no reaction at all. How small he seems. Just as small as when I had him pinned down under my claw. Ready to crush him. Burn him to ashes. That was before we touched. Now I watch over him and rest, my hurts fading away.<p>

Once I used to be on my own most of the time. Now I am never alone anymore in this crowd of humans. It is oppressing. At times Astrid comes, casting long glances at my friend's face. Telling us both what is going on. She speaks of dragons and humans getting closer to one another. This time I let the meaning of her talk pass by. I reflect on her: with her hot temper, cleverness and little wry smiles she is â€| almost dragon-like! Sensing I don't listen, she flashes a full glare at me. Bang! A direct hit. One that would make a yearling dragon flip over on its back. _Careful, dragon, or she gets to you! Already she sparked you into mischief once! _Grinning on the inside, I hear her speech out.

>I feel energized as I watch her leave. I am quite well again, more complete now that my inner fire is replenished. I might even burn myself a proper bed tonight. Or better not, my fire would surely set the humans on edge.<p>

I know several names by now. Stoick is the name of the Redbeard. Gobber the name of the male with the strange limbs. He allowed me to sniff them all out. Wood and metal are the things that allow him to function. I too had things that allowed me to fly. Gobber keeps the broken gear that fell off me. I watched him examine it, grunting his interest. Despite his bulk Gobber is gentle, I warm towards him. Then I often hear the name of my friend. They use it when at times they try to wake him up. I call him too, with soft sounds, when the longing gets too strong.

Often I hear my name mentioned by others. It unsettles me that everyone seems to know the name my friend gave me. For it was a special thing between him and me. Or, I took it as such. They share a lot of words together, humans, chattering all day long. To me it is hardly necessary, they radiate their meaning. But I pick up much of the messages their words carry, I even understand many single words and learn more quickly.

>They often watch me and it still surprises me to find hostility has left the eyes of most humans. Some even look upon me with warmth. But that only fuels my longing: no warmth matches my friend's, not one of them fills me with joy like he does. But he seems to be sleeping a more healthy sleep now, he shouldn't be woken.<p>

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A review is much appreciated.

4. Can we really trust each other?

Can we really trust each other?

Today ships have appeared, a few of them. Home is the word buzzing around. Stoick is out, commanding the humans. I observe how he radiates power, his words spark waves of action in them. We all approach the ships. They lift the bundle with my friend up to the ship, someone seizes him and disappears from sight.

I am tense, though I am careful not to show it. Ever since I walked away from my spot on the beach it seemed like I left a place of safety. As if the protection there had only be temporary and now vanished like fog in the wind. Things set me on edge: the milling crowds, humans getting closer to me than I'm accustomed to in all the action; the sudden noises, especially the clanging of metal, as it reminds me of the chains. It makes me eye the humans with suspicion again, keeping a close watch on the strong males and their hands.

The terrible memories of my captivity come back even more vividly standing next to the ship: the way I shook with loathing and fear after they left me behind in prison. The repulsiveness of their smell all over my skin. Strong enough to even drown the smell of my friend, wiping out the little solace it would have been. The misery of being separated from him and maybe never seeing him again. Again I remember how I was ready to set my soul free and leave my body behind to die. I remember the humiliation on the ship and how they had used my instincts against me and my kind. It all comes back to me.

Fuelling my frustration. Angering me.

I eye the ship again, I know I should jump in. I circle the ship, teeth bared in silent snarls, to see if some spot will make it any easier. I grow stiff with tension. To see the humans nearby back away just irritates me more. Suddenly another loud clang of metal. It's the limit! All frustration explodes into a scream.

It clears a way: I let go, and in a series of roars and howls I free myself of all defilement, all hurt, all humiliation. I spit it out in a blast of fire. My body goes wild, my claws plough the gravel. Away with the crouching, hardly daring to move! Away with the meekness, not daring to flap my wings. I opened them wide and mightily beat the air with them! No wings like mine!

Then ¢ it is over. Done!

I feel purified, one and whole, all power restored to me. Though a bath would be nice!

Satisfied, I look around, only to discover at some distance a wall of shields and weapons being raised against me. Huh?

A moment of realisation.

Then, in cool deliberation, I set myself in fighting stance: feet wide, head low, wings open. Thoughts flash: I cannot fly, but I do have my fireblasts ready. I will stand my ground here, close to my friend, but they will not put their hands on me again. I'll fight to the death.

A powerful shout STOP! freezes me and the humans alike. Stoick jumps out of the crowd, signalling them to hold back. He takes a couple of steps my way, deliberates, then in a clear gesture drops

battle hammer and shield and starts walking. I watch him approach through slitted eyes. I will not attack you, as you are the closest person to my friend. But you must not make one false move or come too near!

At some distance he stops, breathing hard. I see him struggle to calm himself down and level his breathing. It eases my aggression somewhat.

His body relaxes, his mighty shoulders drop. I find my body loosen up too.

Then he faces me with a clear, steady gaze, his eyes ever more signalling peace. It eases me further, my wings fold up.

He then comes close, drops on a knee to be level with me and starts talking. Amazed, I listen.

His speech carries understanding, regret, determination. But no hostility. It makes the tension slip from my body, until eventually it is gone completely.

Again we gaze in each others eyes, like once before, probing each others soul. Again it is well. An understanding forms and solidifies: peace!

He gives a small nod, gets to his feet and signals the crowd. They relax, and lower their weapons.

I decide to signal them too. I take a few paces away from Stoick, stand tall, then drop my eyes and turn my head to the side. A rush of surprise follows, even some cheers rise.

Stoick calls Gobber and a couple of males to him and speaks to them. The males agree on something, turn to me and start to introduce themselves. One by one they put their weapons down and lower themselves on a knee to let me sniff their hands. How proper, dignified! Now the strong hands are no threat anymore. I rumble a greeting back. Gobber passes me by and climbs in the ship, signalling me to follow. It is easy now, I just hop in. The males follow behind.

Immediately I check out my friend. He is restless, mumbling, twitching feebly. I look, blow soft breaths in his face, look again. One of his arms slumps down to the side. I catch it on my snout and keep it there for a wile, enjoying the contact. He eases, falls silent again. Then I carefully shove his arm back. Several sighs sound behind my back. I turn my head to see the males with eyes full of wonder. It sparks some warmth in my heart.

More humans fill the ship until it is crowded to the brim, the smell of so many humans overwhelming. Gobber and the males that introduced themselves sit next to me, almost pressed against my body. I hush stirrings of aggression and fear.

>I'll cope with it all now, even with your hands so close. Even if you brush my skin. I sigh and look at Gobber. He gives me a clever look and chuckles. I put on an indifferent face, only to have him chuckle some more. It tickles my sense of humour, but I refrain from showing that. With a small grunt I relax. Once out at sea, the sway of the waves helps me to keep calm, as it reminds me of the

gusts of wind high above when I soared in splendid solitude.

We reach their shore and leave the ship. After a few stiff paces I calmly walk next to Stoick who carries his son. We climb all the way up to the meadows. Astrid and the other youngsters are there, together with the dragons they fly on. Several other dragons are around, wings half opened in unease. Even more dragons arrive. I get distracted by the breeze, it is strong here. I shake my wings and spread them wide. The wind almost lifts me up. With eyes closed I relish the feeling.

Patience. You will not fly until your friend takes you up again. It will not be long before he wakes up. I will continue to call him. I close my wings and hop on. Stoick and I pass all homes until we come to the one highest up.

He opens it and says "come".

I enter in trust.

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After this the movie continues and we see Toothless wake up Hiccup.

Will you review? I would much appreciate that. Many readers tag this as a 'Favourite story', yet please drop me a line and tell me why.

I still value this story, my first, as being the closest to the 'animal' nature of a dragon (in my perception), despite the overall success of my story 'Silverwings and Toothless'. In 'After the crash' Toothless lives in the 'here and now' which I express by writing in the present tense. He does reflect on the past, but hardly considers the future. He deals with things as they come. Also he is very much 'one' with his body.

It was a bit hidden in the story, but the means of the evacuation was that Astrid and the others flew back to Berk and summoned the few remaining ships. With these ships eventually everyone will return to Berk, the wounded of course first of all. As they cannot separate Toothless from Hiccup, Toothless goes with the first shipping. To Toothless the ships just appear, he had too much other worries.

End
file.